

Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

**FEBRUARY
1962**





CHINESE SOLDIERS load supplies onto trucks to be taken to the front. U. S. Army photo.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● We regret that Boyd Sinclair has found it necessary to give up the editing of Book Reviews for Ex-CBI Roundup. His page of reviews, which has been a popular feature of the magazine for a number of years, appears for the last time in this issue. Thus far no arrangements have been made for anyone else to take over the feature. Readers will join us, we are sure, in expressing sincere thanks to Boyd for his fine contribution to reading enjoyment over the years.

● Several good articles have been submitted to Ex-CBI Roundup recently . . . will be showing up in early issues. Watch for them!

● Be sure to read the binder ad which appears elsewhere in this issue. We'll be happy to secure a new supply of binders if you still want them, but must make our decision on the basis of orders received. If you're going to need any more binders, we suggest you order now!

● This month's cover shows Signal Corps photographer Pvt. Arthur W. Hedge of Dickinson, N. D., eating American C rations with chopsticks under the watchful eye of schoolboy Lee Ting Yow, somewhere in CBI. Hedge had stopped for chow while on his way to photograph Chinese troops in action. U. S. Army photo taken in May 1944.

● We're looking for amateur artists who would like to do a little title and illustrating work for Roundup. Anyone interested is invited to write the editor.

FEBRUARY, 1962



Long, Long Time

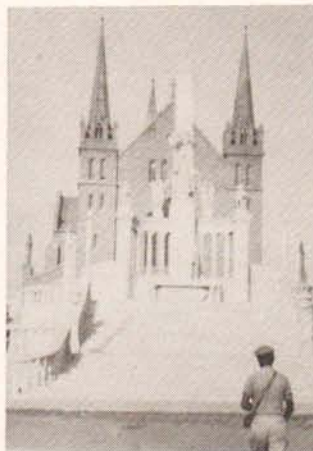
● It's been a long, long time! I watch diligently, but have yet to see a signature, much less a face, of any of my old buddies from Jorhat, Assam Upper, India. Still think that we were a small cog on that big wheel.

FRANK W. HAY,
Glendale, Ariz.

CBI Signal Chief

● A news item in the Dec. 6 edition of the Washington, D. C., Evening Star told of the death at Walter Reed Hospital of Col. John J. Fettig, 59, a World War II chief of Army Signal Operations in the China-Burma-India Theater. A veteran of both World Wars, Colonel Fettig was last assigned as special assistant to the commanding general, U. S. Army Signal Training Center, Fort Gordon, Ga. He leaves his wife, Nell, of Augusta, Ga. Funeral services were held at Fort Meyer Chapel, with burial at Arlington Cemetery.

HOWARD CLAGER,
Dayton, Ohio



CATHEDRAL and shrine of St. Francis Assisi at Karachi is approached by an American visitor. Photo by Raymond J. O'Brien.



BRITISH TROOPS and GI train to Darjeeling, India, on way to rest camp in 1945. Photo by Raymond J. O'Brien.

287th Port Company

● Was with the 287th Port Company in Calcutta for 27 months. Enjoy reading the Ex-CBI Roundup.

DON RUTTER,
Deshler, Ohio

Father Zellner Dies

● It has been my pleasure to continue contacts with many old associates following my own service with the Red Cross in the CBI. My very first assignment back in 1943 was with the 7th Bomb Group. There I shared office (quonset hut) facilities with Special Services and the Chaplain. The Special Services Officer was the then Captain Ed Schroeder. The Chaplain was the then Captain Aubrey Zellner. Both these men, incidentally, maintained the hottest cribbage tournament in the entire theatre. Father Zellner and I were in annual touch with each other at the Christmas season. I was able to follow his activities when he resumed civilian life. He returned to St. John's University in Collegeville, Minn., where he taught philosophy. Thereafter, he returned to India under a Fulbright Fellowship and made a survey of educational facilities in and out of Madras, writing as result of his studies the book "Education in India." My records show his additional military service with

rank of Major with 3275th AFIW, Parke Air Base, Pleasanton, Calif., and subsequently at Moody AFB, Valdosta, Ga. Last year, his return address was Beaumont, Tex. I have just been informed that Father Zellner died suddenly of a heart attack last October 13th. When I first met the Chaplain, he was already an old hand in India. Apparently, he had been one of the first over there. An able, affable priest and a fine and tolerant friend, Father Zellner was one who had my full admiration. His untimely passing is deeply regretted.

ALFRED M. ZISSER,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Slides of CBI

● Have been receiving Roundup for about 10 years and have enjoyed every issue. Several years back you listed numbered slides that were priced at 15 cents each. I have some of these slides and have shown them many times to different organizations such as Boy Scouts, church, etc. They have really been enjoyed. Now I want to know if these slides are still available and at what price . . . I want to order a great many more.

J. P. EBERWEIN,
Baltimore, Md.

These CBI slides are no longer available from our original source of supply. We'd be happy to hear from anyone who might be able to furnish similar slides.—Eds.

San Francisco

● Would like to use this method of sending my "thank you" to the people of San Francisco and surrounding areas, who made the 14th annual reunion such a wonderful one. For me it was especially wonderful because I got to see, and be with, some of "my girls" whom I had not seen since leaving India 16 years ago. It was really a "ding how" reunion for me.

HAZEL DEAN,
Greensboro, N. C.



RICE STACKS on farm near Kunming, China. Photo by Eugene L. Parker.



ELEPHANT hauling wood at Tezpur, Assam, India. Photo by Leroy Hendrickson.

780th E.P.D. Co.

● The finest magazine published today . . . keep up the splendid job. If you have space in any future issue, please mention the 780th E.P.D. Co. Reunion to be held at Terre Haute, Ind., on Labor Day weekend in 1962.

FRANK CROCOMBE,
Centereach, L. I., N. Y.

The Nesmith Story

● One of the most refreshing articles I've read in a long time is the true story in your December 1961 issue about Robert E. Nesmith, the CBler from Houston, Tex., who bought a one-way ticket for a Socialist. Hats off to Bob Nesmith—we need more good Americans like him!

C. H. STUART,
St. Paul, Minn.

CBI Deaths

● In response to my letter in a recent issue of Ex-CBI Roundup I have received word from several people reporting the passing of more CBI buddies. It is news we don't like to receive, naturally, but I do want to thank all those who have been thoughtful enough to do this. Perhaps some interested party will read these items appearing from time to time who would appreciate it and have no other way of knowing. The latest comes from

George F. Himmelright, 802 E. 10th Ave. in York, Pennsylvania, telling of the passing of our comrade Ray Carter of 114 East Owens Drive, Santa Ana, California. He was killed while at work in September, 1961, leaving his wife and three children. To them we extend our most sincere sympathy.

HOWARD CLAGER,
CBIVA Service Officer,
Dayton, Ohio

Tinsukia Recalled

● The simple picture of the Indians waiting for the train at Tinsukia (Dec.) sure brought back memories. I have never seen a more broken-down, filthy town before or since, and yet Tinsukia was a rather romantic place. I remember the "Tiger Brand" whiskey (if you can call it that!) bottling plant, the outdoor market which was always crowded with Indians and GI's on Sundays, the mournful wail of the train whistle daily. Boy, it really brings back memories of 1944. Speaking of train whistles, any GI who rode the train from Tinsukia to Calcutta (changing to the broad gauge at Pandu) will recall the vast variety of scenery along the way, as well as the uncomfortable ride on flat wooden benches. I would really enjoy a trip back to Assam some day, but I'll bet we wouldn't recognize it now that the GI's have been gone 16 years. Enjoy every issue of Roundup—keep up the good work.

GEORGE U. ODEN,
Scottsdale, Ariz.



SEVERAL Americans, from widely separated parts of the country, relax in front of their bashas in Jorhat, Assam Upper, India, where they were stationed in 1943. Included in the group are, front row, Fran Croak of California, Frank Hay of Pennsylvania and Bob Driske of California; back row, Paul Moran of Pennsylvania, Eldon Hocut of Florida and Buck Hanigrieff of Louisiana. Photo by Frank Hay.

GI Guzzling . . . Oran to Shanghai

This article will be of special interest to anyone who "took an occasional nip" while serving in CBI.

James W. Bowman of Honolulu, Hawaii, the author, submitted it with the following comment: "The December 1961 issue of Ex-CBI Roundup, under 'Tales of CBI' by Clyde H. Cowan, carried an article titled 'Beer From Here to Chungking.' It stirred so many memories I had to sit down and pen my own supplement."

By JAMES W. BOWMAN

During January 1944 we (1873 Engineer Aviation Bn.) were billeted in one of the transient tent camps in the countryside east of Oran. Happily we were always free of evenings to walk into the nearby village of Fleurus to sample the local refreshments. The principal beverages were vino and cognac, usually served up in the lower half of old Coke bottles or rusty C-ration cans. In that arid region the days were comfortably warm, but the nights—even with long handles, OD's, and four blankets it would have been impossible to keep warm except for that blessed cognac.

A drought existed aboard the Nea Helles enroute from Algiers to Bombay and how thirstily we looked at the bulletin board which carried the daily grog ration of British ratings!

In general Bombay was dry, but I recall that those with ready cash immediately set about locating a bottle and a hotel room.

During our year's sojourn constructing B-29 fields at Dudhkundi and Kalaikunda west of Calcutta there were occasional opportunities to bend the elbow. Aside from the local purveyors of bottled goods the favorite spot for the refreshing pause was the bar of the European Institute at Karaghpur. The usual drink was whiskey (at least that's what they called it) and soda. Of course there were also assorted brandies and Carew's gin.

For awhile during this period we drew monthly rations of stateside beer and soon discovered the trick of achieving some measure of cooling by placing the cans on the ground under our sacks overnight (if you possessed the will power to shepherd your supply that long).

A couple of times several of us went on detached service to Camp Charra No. 1 near the town of Purulia. There was one memorable period of several days while awaiting a shipment of pierced plank landing mat during which our only

obligation was to be in shape for around the clock work upon arrival of the shipment. Each evening was spent in Adra at the Institute bar or in the first class dining room of the railroad station—then, stocked up with enough liquor and soda to get us through another day, we'd head back to camp to await another evening. The ride to Adra in a 6-by cowboied by a maniac would scare the life out of you—the road was narrow and included a double right angle grade crossing of a railroad between heavy posts just wide enough to pass a truck. The ride back felt like you were in a Cadillac on a super highway.

During one of these Camp Charra DS's we had a really gratifying experience with our "Limey" allies. Not far from us was a British communications detachment. Being considerably more permanently situated than we, they had a day room with a short wave "wireless," and we used to go there to hear the news. At one time they had just received their liquor ration of English beer and a single quart of VO. Divided out, the whiskey amounted to about a thimbleful per man, but they gladly shared this with us as well as their beer ration.

During our move up-country for a stretch on the Ledo Road, the train paused for a time in a station which had quite a railroad yard. From sheer boredom some of the boys began to search a baggage car on an adjoining track. What should be turned up but a footlocker of booze neatly packed in straw! Canteens were quickly emptied of water and filled with liquor and the incriminating bottles disposed of. Then came the alarming news that the theft had been discovered and the police were going to shake down the train. In the nick of time the whistle blew and we highballed it for Assam.

It was in Burma that the GI ingenuity and penchant for finding or concocting hard liquor was developed to a fine art. Who along the Road did not sample that rotgut in old GI beer bottles bearing the label "Fighter Brand"? It was probably a good thing the bottles were brown, for at best the liquor was quite murky. It also tasted burnt and you had to hold your nose to drink it, but it was "alky."

And then there were those big long bamboo tubes of milky rice beer to be had from the Kachins if your legs held up for a trip up into the hills.

All sorts of dried fruits were also in great demand for making "raisin squeezins." It was said that every tank

on the road had a GI can of this delight stashed near the engine where it got just the right amount of heat and agitation.

Many a Christmas package carried its bit of cheer as did one of mine which, besides all the ingredients for a spaghetti dinner, contained a medicine bottle of Old Crow.

We had a carpenter from Mississippi who was also a moonshiner of sorts and with the tacit approval of the CO he set about plying his avocation. I was running the water point just across the stream from our camp at Shadazup, hence had GI gasoline stoves for boiling water, a secluded spot, and a stream of cold water. Nearby was a landing strip with the remains of a C-47 on it. Our carpenter scrounged rice and sugar and set a batch working in a bamboo thicket. Meanwhile the C-47 yielded an oil tank and some tubing. Came the big night—the stove was fired up, the tank full of brew set on it, the tubing run through the cool water of the stream, and a bottle eagerly held to catch each precious drop. Talk about aged in the wood three-year old stuff—this didn't get to age three minutes but was drunk as fast as a shot would accumulate. It sure was a long crawl back to the tent that night!

With business slacking off on the Road I was detached and transferred to China for service in the various Engineer Districts. This was another theater of GI guzzling operations. Since no PX rations were officially flown to China due to critical cargo space, the average dogface couldn't afford \$1 per can for stateside beer or \$20 per fifth for officer's liquor. So we tried "Joe's Home Brew" in Kunming. Luckily again this brew was hidden in the interior of old beer cans; the type with a bottle cap closure.

But the real standby in China was "jing bow juice," that local alky used to eke out the meager gasoline supply for motor vehicles. (In case you've forgotten, "jing bow" meant air raid, and a more descriptive name could not be dreamed up).

There were also local wines, and for those in the Chunking area, Col. Hunter's gin and vodka. We used to buy them in three-gallon crocks and I still have a bill reading, "3 gallons of gin—\$3,000," with all necessary tax stamps duly affixed. It was almost a rite, before imbibing of the more questionable bottled goods, to pour some on the table and light it to see if it would burn with a blue flame (or burn at all).

While billeted in the old AVG barracks at Peishiyi I had among my room-mates a medic and a dental technician with the CACW. Every now and then these guys would show up with a bottle of 180 proof

medicinal alcohol. Mixed with glycerine and oil of wintergreen—wow!!

I won't dwell on the joys of the resort town of Peipei or Chinese contractors' parties as any "old China hand" knows what a big Chinese dinner with endless rounds of "gahm bay" can do to an evening.

To me the garden spot of all China was the headquarters compound of Engineer District No. 2 near Chengtu, and I hope someone will someday do justice to it in an article—my stay of a few months was all too brief. They undoubtedly had the best mess in the whole of China, bar none. And in every tent, hanging from the center pole, was an earthen jug of cold gin and battery acid (synthetic lemon juice). This mix was not only cool to the taste but was also delightful to look upon since it had a delicate green color. This coloration was due to the fact that the locally available potable ice was tinted green to distinguish it from that suitable only for cooling.

I'm sure many a reader recalls Rumor Junction, an EM bar opened at Peishiyi somewhere around VJ day to help pass the weary hours while awaiting orders home. General Stone, CG 14th AAF, officially opened the joint with a personal visit and a couple bottles of stateside whiskey. Col. Hunter's products flowed liberally, laced with the usual battery acid. One of the bar tenders was a young Jewish civilian who had fled Germany via Russia and whose future at that point was, at best, uncertain.

Especially for those fortunate to hit Shanghai during the early days of war's end, it was a sort of paradise after long months and years in the interior. The Jap beer in quart bottles was good. And even though the gin, vodka, scotch and bourbon probably all came from the same tap with added flavor and coloring, they all tasted like the real thing in the swank atmosphere of plush night clubs (and at dirt cheap prices until the Navy landed and inflation set in).

The good Chinese restaurants also served Chinese wines and a beverage that intrigued us. It must have been the equivalent of sake and was called "dah choo." It was served hot in teapots and was partaken of from thimble size containers. It was sparkling clear with a tantalizing faint greenish hint of color.

If this sounds like "The Confessions of a Rake," I hasten to add that I am not an alcoholic or even much of a social drinker. We did eat, we did work like blazes when necessary, and we did draw many sober breaths. 'Course we did have some grand times too.

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Father Westwater's First Parish

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By FATHER GEORGE WESTWATER, O.P.

I loaded my few worldly possessions into a jeep and on November 14, 1956, left Karachi to drive 600 miles upcountry to the Thal Desert in the heart of Pakistan's Punjab. As I drove through the flat, blazing hot wasteland for days on end the only sign of life I saw was an occasional stray camel. My destination was a village so small and new that its name didn't even appear on the Pakistan maps; it was called Loreto and it was to be part of a brave new experiment in Asian living.

The Pakistan government, with American-dollar aid, had completed a vast system of canals designed to bring the waters of the Indus River into the desert and make it fertile. Following World War II the Moslem government gave sections of this soon-to-be-cultivated desert land to returning soldiers, refugees, and to minorities. The small oasis of Loreto and surrounding acreage had been given to 250 Pakistani Catholics with instructions to irrigate and farm it, and thus contribute to the general culture and prosperity of their nation.

I was to be their priest. I had only recently been ordained and this, a world away from my home town of Boston, was to be my first parish.

Not only was I eager to carry God's word into the desert, but I also wanted to have a small part in this great crusade.

And so I drove through the desert with my head full of visions of a school and a hospital and a church, all surrounded by acres of golden wheat. Oh, the desert would bloom at Loreto!

What disillusionment awaited me! My first sight of Loreto was so shocking that for months after it was to give me nightmares. I smelled the village before I saw it; a hot desert wind brought a stench so sickening that I couldn't believe it came from human habitation. Then I saw Loreto and knew that it did.

This "oasis" consisted of a single hand pump sunk into the sands and surrounded by a cluster of mud huts with thatched roofs. With limitless desert in all directions, 250 people huddled together in unimaginable intimacy and squalor. Each hut was about 10 feet

square and was occupied by an average family of eight or ten, along with the family cow and a few scrofulous chickens. Cow manure and human excrement was everywhere; the single pump failed to supply enough water for bathing; the fuel for cooking had about been used up, and the people's clothes were in rags. It was as if I had suddenly stepped backward in human evolution thousands of years. These people were 20th Century Christians? This was my parish? I was appalled.

I thought back on my months of study at the Mission Institute in Fordham University. From courses in civil administration, sanitation, law and even some tutoring in Urdu, the local language, I had thought myself well prepared for the job. Now I wondered.

As I walked among the villagers I realized there was something more than poverty and degradation here. The people looked at me with faces that were feverish bright but without animation; there was a dullness, an apathy. Then I learned what it was—they were stricken with malaria. The people didn't care.

I sat down among them and asked what had happened here. Where were the farms? The irrigation canals? One of the villagers stepped forward and said that his name was Mutab, son of Heri, and he would take me to the canal. We came upon it about a hundred yards away, and it ran to the horizon both north and south completely empty. I learned that storms had washed part of it out up north near the faraway Indus River, and it had not yet been repaired. These people had been here almost two years waiting for the water that never came. And without water there could be nothing; no fields of grain, no schoolhouse, no hospital, no church, no hope.

Having volunteered for missionary work I had been prepared for poverty and hardship, but not for hopelessness. I fought against its infecting me. I closed my eyes and prayed to God to give me strength to do something for these people . . . something!

I returned to the village and found my quarters, a thatched hut like the rest but standing a bit apart. I had no sooner unpacked my suitcases than they began to arrive, the sick ones. They expected that I would make them well, and all I had was a couple of bottles of aspirin! I doled them out, then made a good-night visit to every hut in the village. I had

returned to my own hut and just stretched out on a straw pad when I heard the soft sound of bare feet and of weeping.

Turning on my flashlight I stepped out to find a mother holding her sick child, a little girl. With tear-streaked face she extended the child toward me and I took it in my arms. Her feverish little body almost burned my flesh as I carried her into the hut and began to force the last of my aspirins down her throat. I sat up with the child all night, not knowing what to do but feed her aspirin and bathe her from time to time in tepid water. I wanted so desperately to save this one small life; it seemed to me that if I did, it would be an omen of hope. But I failed. In the morning she was dead.

There was a government medical station at a village about 20 miles away. Boiling with frustration, I drove there in the jeep and obtained a Merck Manual, a small instruction book doctors carry in their bags; a hypodermic syringe, and some basic medicines to combat the three main scourges in the village: malaria, pneumonia and typhoid. For them I had antimalaria, penicillin and triple sulfa. I learned to give shots, and even became pretty good with thread and needle on suturing cases, men who slashed themselves while working.

The people responded well to the medicines because they had never before been exposed to them, and had built no tolerances. One day a man came in with a terribly swollen hand and arm, his whole body in a fever of blood poisoning. Back in the States they would perhaps have amputated to save his life, but in the desert I merely shot him full of penicillin and told him to soak his arm in Epsom salts. Within five days he was recovered.

But the health need of the village was more than miracle drugs. Basic sanitation was essential. I announced that all cows and goats and chickens had to be kept in the fields outside the huts. The people were surprised at this unusual demand but complied, at first. Then, little by little, they began to sneak their animals back inside their huts where they had always been. Sterner measures were required and I announced that the first time it happened there would be a penalty; the second time the penalty would be increased; and the third time, the cow would be given the hut and the family sent to live in the field. This worked.

It worked because the people wanted leadership and were so desperate in their situation that they'd follow without

understanding where or why. But there was one thing they knew, and I knew: nothing could be lastingly accomplished without water. I had to tackle that problem next.

What maddening delays, what interminable red tape! Sixteen miles north of our village resided the overseer for our section of the canal, but he explained to me that his job was to maintain his 30-mile section, see that the banks were straight and the adjacent canal road in good repair. The fact that there was no water in the canal was not his concern. However, he'd report my complaints to the Senior Divisional Officer. When this brought no results, I went to see the Senior Divisional Officer. He was a charming man but professed to be powerless to put water in the canal. It all lay in the hands of the Divisional Executive Engineer who resided up north in Leith. I saw him, and he gave me sympathy and recommended patience.

I decided to ignore all protocol and go directly to the top man, the Superintending Engineer who lived in Multan, 100 miles to the south. And I decided to take with me Mutab Khan, the young man who had first taken me to the empty canal upon my arrival in the village. I thought I saw in this 30-year-old man the making of a local leader. He had a handsome wife who had been trained as a school teacher, and three small sons of whom he was inordinately proud. Mutab had been a soldier in the British army in Burma and he maintained a soldierly carriage. Though he lived in a hovel he had not lost his human dignity.

In Multan we were received with the greatest courtesy by a handsome, impeccably dressed man, the Superintendent. I told him the general problems that faced the village and then I said, "I can possibly be wrong about my observations and judgments, for I am new here. But I have brought with me a man who has lived in the village from its establishment and I'd appreciate it if you'd let him tell you what he knows about the situation."

The Superintendent nodded and we both turned toward Mutab. In simple words that were doubly effective he told how he and his wife and children had migrated to this land two years before on the government's promise of water; how their savings had been eaten up. The fact that his family and the other villagers were still clinging to life was a result of emergency relief—wheat and powdered milk and vitamins—sent by CARE, UNICEF and the Catholic Relief Service. Then Mutab told of his knowledge of wheat and sugar cane, his desire

to build a life that would be useful to his country, and how he had been frustrated in all these desires by the lack of water. It was a most moving account of a man's hopes and defeats.

Later I congratulated Mutab and confessed that I was surprised that he had not been intimidated by the high official.

He said, "Father, I was a soldier in the war. When you've faced bullets and come through them unharmed, then you realize that God has got a job for you to do, and you're afraid of no man."

Four days later the Superintendent came to our village as he had promised. He had inspected the canal from top to bottom and he said, "Father, the canal is in worse condition than you described. I'm allocating funds for its complete rehabilitation and taking 200 men off other government jobs to work on the canal. You will have water by August 4th. I promise you that."

What electrifying news! I formed a town council composed of Mutab and four other men, and we laid out streets and located new houses and a school and a church and a hospital. All on paper, of course, but soon the buildings would be real. Mutab knew a section of the desert nearby where the soil, with water added, made the proper clay for bricks. He built a wooden form and packed the clay into it and placed it under the sun, and there was a building brick. Every man in the village was instructed to follow his example. We drew a basic house design that contained two rooms and a veranda, and as soon as a family had made enough bricks, the whole village would mobilize to help them erect the house.

Now that hope had returned, the true nature of these people began to appear. They were warm and simple, completely without malice. They loved music and they loved their children. Now at night we'd hear snatches of song as a mother cradled her baby, secure in the knowledge that water was coming.

And then it was fall and the water came! We stood on the banks of the canal and cheered as the muddy, life-giving torrent came thundering past us, and smaller streams branched off into our waiting fields. And as the water sank into the dry sand, we all felt as if our own thirst had been slaked and we were refreshed, and smiled at each other.

Within a year Loreto was as I had once dreamed it would be, only the reality was infinitely more satisfying than the dream. Each family had its house, and some of them were decorated beautifully with wall drawings made with vegetable dyes. Mutab had taken the initiative to plant trees about his

land in order to conserve the soil, and many followed his example. The people wore clean clothes that had been produced by our CARE sewing machine, and there was no cow dung in the streets because every man now had a pride in his village. And the fields were rich with wheat and sugar cane.

In the spring of 1959 the Pakistan government sent down word that local elections were to be held to select representatives to regional councils. Basic Democracy, a new political program, was to be put into effect. Accepting the facts of widespread illiteracy and divergent tribal customs and loyalties, the Pakistan leaders were trying to bring self government to the lowest village level. Every person in a village or district (whether literate or not) was to have a vote in the election of members of a local council governing 100 square miles. These council members were in turn to elect men to higher regional councils, who were then elected to the highest national council. Thus local government was to be in the hands of local people who best knew the local conditions.

This small republic was embattled by Communism on many fronts, and the Prime Minister had frankly said that if Basic Democracy fails, Pakistan is at the end of her rope. If it succeeds, it will offer the greatest hope and inspiration for millions of Asians who are falling under the shadow of dictatorships.

My pulse quickened with pride. We in Loreto were ready. We had an outstanding leader in Mutab Kahan. I went eagerly to his house to discuss the elections with him. To my amazement and great concern he said flatly, "No Father, I do not plan to be one of the candidates."

"But you are a natural leader of men," I exclaimed. "You should enter government."

We were sitting on the veranda of his small, neat house and he pointed toward the fields of wheat that surrounded it. He said, "I have accomplished that."

"And you should be proud," I agreed.

"That is what I set out to do. I have my fields and my water and my family. I am a happy man. Why should I now enter politics?"

"Because the village needs you, Mutab."

"I do not see that, Father. All the village needs now is a lot of hard work in the fields."

We sat up late that night, arguing back and forth. I tried to make him see that he had a duty, not only to Pakistan, not only to Loreto, but to the three sons of whom he was so proud. After an

enormous amount of hard work he had created a home for them, a future, but that did not mean he could rest. He would have to defend their future for the rest of his life. Perhaps it was not a pleasing prospect, but I knew no alternative.

Mutab listened, argued, and listened. Then at the end fell silent. I had said all I could, so I left him sitting on his little porch, wrapped in the immemorial silences of the desert . . . yet a 20th Century man faced with a 20th Century problem.

The following day Mutab came to see me and to announce that he would stand for election. I clasped his hands, feeling quite heady with the belief that we had at this moment struck a blow for strong, responsible government.

My elation was premature. In the following weeks I witnessed something that appalled me . . . the village began to turn against Mutab. The fact that his land was more fertile and better cared for did not bring him praise but apparently envy and spite. He was accused of dealing out too stern justice when the five-man town council sat as a court. He was accused of pride and arrogance. There were even whispers that he might have benefited personally from the distribution of relief supplies. It was simply incredible. How could these people, who had been through such terrible privation and now enjoyed such a wonderful future, how could these people display such meanness of spirit? I felt heartsick . . . defeated.

Throughout this Mutab maintained a stony silence. His wife pleaded with him to answer his critics but he refused. He said that everyone in the village knew him intimately and nothing he could say would reveal anything new. He would not defend himself. If the people chose to believe he was unfit to be elected, it was their decision.

Election day came. There was a 100 percent turnout as every citizen exercised his franchise. And when the votes were counted, Mutab Khan was elected by almost unanimous vote!

I looked at the results in amazement, trying to reconcile them with what had gone on before. Then I realized I had simply misunderstood the significance of what was happening. In a democracy it is the people's right and disposition to criticize their leaders, and having done that they generally vote for the best man. I had misread the healthiest of political symptoms. I had witnessed Basic Democracy in action . . . seen its first victory!

That following spring I suddenly realized I had to leave Loreto, for my

missionary work was done. Another priest was already here, three nuns had arrived to teach and nurse, the church and school had been built, the village had a sanitary system and there were no more epidemics. And there was happiness among the people because at last they were self-sufficient. Some other village needed me now.

As I packed I tried to formulate some appropriate words of good-by, but then I knew that I couldn't say good-by to these people, I didn't have the courage. They had been too much a part of the fabric of my hopes, and I couldn't face them for a last time and say farewell . . . and I would surely weep. And so I waited until night had fallen, then said good-by to my successor, Father Terence Quinn, to the three wonderful nuns, and got into my jeep and headed out into the desert, back in the direction from which I'd come three years before.

After about a mile I abruptly stopped the jeep, turned off the motor and looked back toward Loreto. I saw the flickering lamplights of the village in the distance and heard the soft, life-giving gurgle of the irrigation canal. I thought with some shame on my times of despair and little faith. These people had courage and fortitude and gentleness beyond anything I thought possible, far beyond my own. Disease and poverty had forced them into an animal like existence, but it had not made them animals, it had not killed the God-spark of manhood within them.

There was a lesson I would never forget, I would never again misjudge man's capacity, his will to goodness. —THE END

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The Chinese Lunar New Year

Because February marks the beginning of the Chinese Lunar Year 4460, this article by a Chinese soldier is especially timely. It was written during World War II and appeared in the "Bull Sheet," published at Ramgarh for both American and Chinese personnel. It is an interesting account showing the importance to the Chinese of the Lunar New Year.

BY QUIXOTE

Ever since the overthrow of the Ching Dynasty, China has undergone many changes. We learn a lot of things from the westerners, and begin to like them. The younger generation has even gone so far as to wear European clothes in substitution for Chinese long gowns, and cut their hair instead of keeping pigtailed like young girls. In a nutshell, we have been more or less westernized in our ways of living, eating and dressing. However, there is still one thing which still remains unchanged, and that is the traditional custom we follow in observing the Chinese Lunar New Year.

In spite of the government's order repeatedly urging the people the necessity of using the Solar Calendar (sometimes we call it the Western Calendar), for the convenience of calculating dates, we do not seem to pay any attention. As China is now in her transitional stage, it is therefore not at all a wonder if we find a modern house decorated with some old-fashioned furniture, which naturally suggests a sense of inharmony. Instances of this sort can be found almost anywhere in China.

When I was a boy, I always had quite a delightful feeling over the advent of the Chinese New Year, for the fact that I would be dressed in my best, and would have plenty to eat. My parents would not scold or thrash me for wrongdoings. Family members were not allowed to swear or give way to anger. It was said that the gods of different kinds were around the house, and people who made evil utterances would receive no blessings all through the year.

Before the New Year came around, my parents would, quite a few days ahead, get very busy in preparing all sorts of things, such as: to have the house swept thoroughly clean, walls white-washed, chickens and fish salted, candles and incense properly set up on desks, and the pictures of Buddha hung up with a pair of scrolls, one on each side. Red papers with well-meant words and phrases were pasted all over the walls and on the door and on the window frames.

On New Year's Eve, my mother would stay up throughout the night to watch the candles and keep them burning until dawn, because she was a very earnest devotee of Buddhism, and was at all times afraid of offending any of the gods.

At midnight firecrackers were burnt incessantly in every corner of the street; while I was compelled to stay in bed, but my eyes were wide open. I rolled around and around, and could not fall asleep as I was excited and overjoyed, and wanted very anxiously to go out and see what was going on in the street.

On the next day, as a rule, I woke up to find the house and the surroundings very quiet, and my mother kneeling down to kowtow to the picture of Buddha. She wore an appearance of over-exertion and tiredness; and yet when she was on her feet, she stood erect and looked very kind.

For the first three days in the New Year, nobody was allowed to sweep the house or use a knife or scissors to cut anything. After breakfast children were supposed to kowtow to their parents as a New Year Greeting, and in return they would receive a silver dollar wrapped up in red paper for blessings. Then friends and relatives would exchange visits to express their greetings to one another.

My mother was a very superstitious woman, and I believe there were many women like her. She never stepped out of the house to go anywhere during the New Year. She confined herself in her room for many days or one or two months, until such time as she was in the mood to go out. The first place she visited after the New Year was the temple. Prior to her visit to the sacred place, she always asked me to look up the calendar and find a propitious day for the purpose.

All this may sound ridiculous, but sometimes I was very deeply touched when I saw her kneel down so solemnly and gravely in the temple, to pray for us: my father and me.

—THE END

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Edited by **BOYD SINCLAIR**

NIGHT DROP. By S. L. A. Marshall. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, March 1962. \$6.50.

The story of the men of the 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions, who parachuted by night into Normandy and fought, not only for the success of the D-Day landing, but their lives as well. Maps.

THE YOSHIDA MEMOIRS. By Shigeru Yoshida. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, March 1962. \$5.50.

The candid record of a Japanese statesman, five times prime minister in postwar Japan. This is fresh testimony on the occupation under MacArthur, a significant report on the world role of an emergent nation.

MARINE! By Burke Davis. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, March 1962. \$5.95.

A biography of Lieutenant General Lewis B. (Chesty) Puller, the Marine Corps' leading hero from the banana wars in Haiti to the retreat from the Chosin Reservoir in Korea.

BISHOP WALSH OF MARYKNOLL. By Ray Kerrison. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, February 1962. \$4.95.

Biography of a missionary and his achievements in China, his restrictive arrests by the Reds in 1954, his rigged trial and sentencing in Shanghai, and the mystery of whether or not he is still alive.

NAVY DIVER. By Joseph Karneke and Victor Boesen. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, February 1962. \$3.95.

The incredible undersea adventures of a Pennsylvania farm boy who joined the Navy to see the world and became a master diver, one of an elite group whose members are rarer than admirals.

HIGH DAM OVER NUBIA. By Leslie Greener. The Viking Press, New York, January 1962. \$6.00.

Rich in prehistoric relics of Egyptian, Roman, Turkish, and Christian art, Nubia is soon to be drowned by the Aswan High Dam. This is the story of that country. Thirty-two pages of maps and photos.

EAST MINUS WEST EQUALS ZERO. By Werner Keller. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, February 1962. \$6.95.

This book shows that everything Russia has got for more than a thousand years has come from the Western World. The writer, a leading historian and journalist, is author of "The Bible as History."

THE TIGER OF CH'IN. By Leonard Cottrell. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York, February 1962. \$5.00.

A history of Chinese civilization before the great dynasties, from the dawn of that history to the time when the warring provinces were united by Shih Huang-ti, "The Tiger of Ch'in."

ORIENTAL MYTHOLOGY. By Joseph Campbell. The Viking Press, New York, February 1962. \$6.95.

This comprehensive history, by the author of "Primitive Mythology," tells the complex story of the development of Eastern religions from early mythology. Drawings and tables.

DUST IN THE LION'S PAW. By Freya Stark. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, January 1962. \$6.75.

This wartime diary and letters of a British propagandist in World War II reads like scintillating travel writing. An expert on Arabia, Miss Stark spent most of the time in Baghdad.

THE ORIGINS OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR. By A. J. P. Taylor. Atheneum Publishers, New York, January 1962. \$4.50.

The author believes foggy and panicky negotiations by the British and French did as much to bring on World War II as the aggressions of Hitler. He is just as caustic about American policy in a special preface.

REFUGE. By Maurice Meier. W. W. Norton and Company, New York, January 1962. \$3.95.

The fate of a German Jewish family told by its one survivor. He tells how he escaped, one jump ahead of the Nazis, and pays tribute to the French, Swiss, and Germans who helped him.

WHAT'S A WOMAN DOING HERE? By Dickey Chapelle. William Morrow and Company, New York, January 1962. \$5.00.

A combat reporter's report on herself. She never thought being in the midst of battle, from Iwo Jima and Okinawa to Budapest, was unusual. Frequently funny, always spirited reading.

The Pedicab Comes to Seattle

(Reprinted from Seattle Times)

By BYRON FISH

The Seattle World's Fair is going to introduce pedicabs as a means of transportation. Somehow, we never would have thought of those vehicles as part of the 21st Century.

We will have to decide on a story and stick to it. Either we explain pedicabs in connection with "Seattle, Gateway to the Orient," or we tell the visitors that the machines were invented for crawling on the moon's surface.

We may like them so well they will become a regular method of getting around town. Maybe they are the answer to the predicted shortage of taxicabs.

If they become popular and are still running around after the fair is over, they are going to look a little odd to tourists entering the city on the new freeway.

However, in this country pedicabs would be leg-powered only until the novelty wore off. Then the owners would put scooter motors in them and start pedicab drag races.

THE PEDICAB is a 20th Century version of the 19th Century jinrikisha. Far from being an ancient conveyance, the man-drawn "ricksha" is not much older than the automobile.

The light two-wheeled cart with a hood was invented in Japan by an American Baptist missionary, Jonathan Goble. It came into use as a public passenger system only 90 years ago.

The word was derived from "jin," man; "riki," power, and "sha," carriage. According to the dictionary, the vehicle was "used by foreigners only."

The ricksha spread rather quickly to other countries to Asia, and to some parts of Africa.

Maybe some of our readers who are old China hands remember when the first ricksha-puller turned up with bicycle pedals and a chained-wheel drive instead of depending on a trot. It probably happened first in Japan, the most industrial nation.

THE PEDICAB disappeared rapidly from Japan between the end of the Second World War and the beginning of the Korean conflict. Even before they had enough gasoline, the Japanese were using three-wheeled vehicles powered by charcoal-burning engines.

Apparently pedicabs are still plentiful in Hong Kong and Formosa, because those

being purchased for Century 21 will be imported from over there.

In popular use, the machine must not be much more than 30 to 35 years old. John Osseward says he cannot remember seeing any pedicabs in either Japan or China when he sailed to the Orient in the 1920's.

We were in Shanghai, as a seaman, in 1947. At that time, pedicabs and rickshas were about equal in number. They were a standard way to travel around the city, and an easy route to trouble. Ricksha men had developed a habit of ignoring instructions and running passengers up a dark alley.

At the Seaman's Club, they warned us about such tricks, and advised that we get into no quarrels if it happened.

WE SOON HAD occasion to heed the advice. We directed a ricksha man to an address on the Bund. He ran over into the area across Soochow Creek. There he stopped and began a dispute. Immediately, we were surrounded by Chinese looking angry over too many years of foreign domination.

We were the complete coward. We paid off the ricksha man and walked to the Bund. Gave him a tip, too.

At that, we got off cheaper than a shipmate did. He heard somebody running along behind the ricksha and glanced back. A Chinese had a blackjack poised above the American's head.

"Uh . . . heh, heh," said the Chinese, embarrassed by the awkward situation. "You want to buy blackjack?"

"Oh, do," said our shipmate eagerly. "How much?"

They settled on \$2 for the souvenir. That transaction completed, the ricksha man stopped and began to complain. Our friend paid off and walked to where he wanted to go.

We hope they do not have the same behavior in mind for Century 21.

—THE END

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EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Tales of CBI

BY CLYDE H. COWAN

A SHORT HISTORY OF ARMY CLOTHING AND THE THEORY OF IT

The tale you are about to read is based on research conducted by W. Garfield Clodhopper, Acting Supply Sgt. of the 629 Underground Messkit Repair Platoon, that was stationed at Dikom, Upper Assam. Whether he had swallowed too much betel nut juice or Fighter Brand is not clear.

Ever since mankind took advantage of mankind and began to indulge in unholy, bloody massacre, and dispatched millions of their political enemies to an inglorious, uncalled-for death, soldiers have worn various types of clothing. Now these hilarious house coats have undergone changes of style, like Milady's shirt-waist. On Oct. 10, 1901 B. C., history records, a first-class war between members of the same race was making the headlines. Combat teams were very busy and failed to notice that many of the losers wore dog tags bearing familiar names. They really had a problem! A Summit Conference was held and an edict was issued outlawing armed conflict between men of the same pastel shade, and such wars would be unsanctioned by the Infantry Association. No more scalping your friends and neighbors! But, as civilization became more cultured and politics more involved, humanity was forced into more and more police actions, pitting brother against brother. Uniforms were redesigned to separate the good guys from the bad guys, North from South, or what have you!

When Knighthood was in flower, Sir Lancelot's boys wore the popular sheet-iron tunic, but this haberdashery was faulty. The knee and elbow joints required expert lubrication every couple of hours or the battle would slow to an unexciting largo, accompanied by squeaking armor. Visitors at the front lines would get bored, and Generals would receive poor write-ups by the press. That's why certain cease-fire periods were decided on to give both sides time to grease their metallic Ivy-League Ready-to-Wear. During these short recesses the combatants would fraternize, swap cigars, and have pot-luck dinners. Some of the lads would even beat it for home and the ever-loving wife.

The mechanical age was born when some night school student invented the wheel, ball bearings, and other hardware store stuff. Well, progress and change go hand

in hand, and lighter metals made less clumsy fighting togs for the Armed Forces. These outfits were capable of a brilliant shine, and the eager-beaver draftees of that era polished with gusto to prepare for Saturday Morning Inspection. When the Second Lt. yelled "Open Ranks," the C.O. strode between dazzling lines of flash, blaze, flame, glare and phosphorescence. This new shiny finery again changed the complexion of combat. Close order butchery became an ophthalmic blur. The higher your glaze, the longer your days. Slaughter sessions were postponed in a few instances due to an over-bright sun. Otherwise opponents changed to the reverse end of the fighting field every hour and took turns getting an eye-full of Solar Rays.

So much for ancient history. The modern gladiator has a winter suit that is strictly a hand-me-down. Some sheep wore it first! Pardon a personal reference, but my first O.D. pants were four inches too long. The nearby Trouser Adjusting Bureau pooled its technical know-how to overcome this calamity and came up with the answer. These Civil Service people proceeded to decrease the footage from the top to the bottom of the garment, and produced a perfect job—on one leg only. I was now the proprietor of a deformed pair of pants. My appearance was misleading. Some thought one of my legs was shorter than the other, while others were of the belief that one limb was longer than the other.

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*News dispatches from recent issues
of The Calcutta Statesman*

NEW DELHI—Mr. Shah Nawaz Khan, Deputy Minister of Railways, stated in the Rajya Sabha recently that the number of serious accidents on the railways during 1961 was 15 against 13 in 1960. The Minister said that 131 persons were killed and 428 injured in 10 of the major accidents.

KATHMANDU—An airfield at Dang, in west Nepal, is reported to have been ploughed up by unknown persons. Another apparent act of sabotage was reported from east Nepal, where a telephone call office is said to have been damaged in an explosion.

NEW DELHI—The Sampurnanand Committee on national integration through the medium of education has recommended adoption of the Roman script in India as a temporary measure until a common Indian script for all Indian languages is evolved. Another fact on which the committee has laid stress is that provision of free and compulsory education to the backward sections would be more conducive to national integration than even reservation of jobs.

JALPAIGURI—In his presidential address at the Bengal provincial conference of the All-India Medical Licentiate's Association at Hashimara, Dr. A. N. Roy referred to the growing unemployment among village medical practitioners. With the drop in the incidence of malaria and some other diseases, expansion of drinking water supply facilities and the proposed introduction of domiciliary health scheme and rural health centres, unemployment among medical practitioners in rural areas would become a serious problem. He suggested that the Government make necessary provisions to employ the doctors properly so that they might continue a useful existence in society.

JALPAIGURI—Eight labourers of the Lakshikanta tea estate in the Dhupguri thana area are alleged to have sustained gunfire wounds when they tried to drag the garden manager from his bungalow. A son of the manager is alleged to have discharged his father's gun during the affray. The injured were admitted to the garden hospital. The trouble is reported to have followed a dispute over wages.

JORHAT—The Jorhat police and fire brigade stations were without telephone connections temporarily, as their telephones were disconnected by the authorities for non-payment of trunk call bills. Forty-six telephones, the majority of them belonging to the Government, were discontinued.

BANGALORE—An agricultural college, exclusively for women, is likely to be started in the State during the Third Plan period. The State Agricultural Minister, Mr. N. Rachiah, said that with the approval of the Chief Minister he would reserve one of the four proposed agricultural colleges for women. He also revealed that a proposal was under consideration to start a 10-month horticulture course for women. The centre might be located at either Bangalore or Mysore.

KANPUR—A clerk in a magistrate's office here was sent to police custody after he had tried to dispose of a criminal case. It is alleged that the clerk began to record evidence in a criminal case that came up for hearing, on behalf of the magistrate who was absent. One of the litigants contacted the Additional District Magistrate and filed a complaint.

NEW DELHI—A national smallpox programme will be launched throughout the country early in 1962. A provision of Rs 688.98 lakhs has been made for the programme, with a view to vaccinating the entire population within a period of three years.

BHOPAL—A rare quality diamond has recently been discovered in the Mahua Tola diamond mines in Panna district of Madhya Pradesh. The diamond, octagonal in shape and of exquisite radiance, is said to be the first of its kind to be found in this region. In its present crude form it is valued at about Rs 2½ lakhs.

JORHAT—Eight persons have been arrested for rhino killing in the Kaziranga Wild Life Sanctuary. The gang of poachers, said to be responsible for the killing of 30 to 35 rhinos in the sanctuary, has been operating since 1959.

CALCUTTA—Over 2,000 guests, representing mainly Calcutta's business and commercial circles, gathered under a gorgeously decorated pandal at the Royal Agricultural and Horticultural Society garden to celebrate the golden jubilee of the Central Bank of India. The bank was founded in 1911 with only 30 employees, and now has about 12,000 employees in 320 branches all over India. The bank was designed to be entirely Indian in composition and management. During the past 50 years there has not been a single non-Indian in its service.

NEW DELHI—A new type of telephone, claimed to have the clarity and other qualities of the most modern instrument in service in any other part of the world, was one of the highlights on display at the Indian Telephone Industries pavilion in the Industries Fair.

KANPUR—About 12 children have been killed by hyenas recently in the Juhi and Naubasta areas of the city. The victims were attacked by the hyenas while sleeping outside their homes.

CALCUTTA—Two London experts have been working with Calcutta Port authorities on the layout of a master plan for the proposed subsidiary port at Haldia.

CALCUTTA—The West Bengal Government is understood to have tentatively decided to organize tourist trips from Calcutta to other parts of the State and back. A 30-seater bus, one of two luxury buses at the disposal of the Government's tourist office in Calcutta, is likely to be used for such trips.

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Down India in a Fiat 1100

Travel in India is still much like it was 15 to 20 years ago, according to a letter recently received by Charles L. Woodward of Coldwater, Mich.

The letter was from J. B. (Donald) Drake, an Englishman Woodward met in 1955 when he went into Assam for a few days, while on the Pilgrimage to India. At that time Drake was manager of the Sealkote Tea Garden, and he is now at the Balijan North Tea Garden—places that will bring back memories to those who were at Chabua, Dinjan, etc.

The following is Drake's letter to Woodward.

* * *

Herewith another of my frequent letters! Pam and I are now on our way home for a five months leave, from the garden.

We spent a month driving down India in a Fiat 1100, grossly overladen, and had quite a time with roads and bridges that had been washed away in the floods during the rains. We started off from Balijan North on October 15th, and drove as far as Cooch Behar when we found we couldn't get any further because all roads (actually there is only one) were flooded, so we put the car aboard a paddle steamer and sailed down the Bramaputra through E. Pakistan and then up the Hooghly to Calcutta. We then drove to Benaras, Allahabad, Nagpur, Kurnool, Mysore and we eventually sailed from Cochin on November 18th.

We saw plenty of temples on our way at Banaras, Khuvajaho, Bangalore, Mysore, and game, bison, deer, female elephant and calf at the Bandipur reserve.

We had to straddle the car at one point in order to avoid a 450 mile diversion, across four dugouts, which are boats used by the natives and hewn out of a solid trunk of a tree. We got across but only had three inches of freeboard and I didn't like it a little bit. Two of the boatmen were baling the whole time as we were crossing the river of over 100 yards wide, with quite a current flowing. We had to pay the boatman Rs 50, but I would have paid anything to get across as we were getting very weary of trying to find some way across this particular river, and had spent a fruitless day previously traveling 150 miles over appalling roads looking for a crossing.

However, it was good fun, and Pam stood up to the cooking conditions on a Primus very well, but I think we had both had enough after 3,418 miles, having bust the petrol tank and the exhaust only once. We had a roof rack and helper and 400

lbs. excess baggage. So it speaks well for the Fiat, called Flossie.

We stayed in all sorts of rest houses, good, bad, and indifferent, and if you want to get covered with bed bugs, I can recommend a place at Dhone. I must have picked about 20 of the damned things off me. So the motto is 'use DDT'. We had, but as I hadn't seen these creatures at other bungalows I had gotten careless. Pam slept on a camp bed most of the time, as a lot of these places only have a plank bed, and she thought it was very funny as she had heard of bugs, but didn't think they existed!! I got so incensed when I got no sympathy that I nearly put one down her neck.

You ought to try touring some day, but use a car with a good clearance and not too large. Oh, and also with a small wife attached.



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Bedtime Story

"Tell me a story daddy, tell me one about the war."
The child looked up from playing with his airplane on the floor.
His dad put down his paper, took the child upon his lap,
"Well alright son, but only one, you've got to take your nap."

The lad took out a handkerchief, and gave his nose a swipe,
And dutifully blew out the match, when father lit his pipe.
The sound of pounding engines was increasing gradually,
In the boy's imagination, and his father's memory.

"Back in the states, the officers were stuck-up fuddy duddies,
But 'Hump Run' pilots and their crews were all one bunch of buddies.
Yes, radio man and crew chief and pilots, one and two,
And sometimes on a Burma 'drop,' we had some kickers too.

Our planes had lots of funny names, painted on their noses.
Some had pictures—mostly girls, in different kinds of poses.
'Moanin' Mona'; 'Noshack Murph'; 'The Gig'; and 'Easter Bunny,'
'Green Banana'; 'Satan's Daughter'; 'Back Breaker'; and 'Honey'."

The chair became the cockpit of a Combat Cargo plane,
And the reminiscing father, it's young crew chief once again.
"We had taken off from Dinjan just about two hours back.
We were on our way to Chanyi, with supplies for 'Shanker Jack.'

The Salween slid beneath us as we flew our heavy load,
High above a thousand coolies, working on the Burma Road.
Sometimes we flew above the clouds, where all that you could see,
Were jagged snowy mountain peaks, like deadly shoals at sea.

We battled through the monsoon rains, and sometimes storms of sleet,
The air up there was bitter cold; a change from jungle heat.
And ice that formed upon the props, would always make me jump,
Whenever it flew off against the outside, with a thump.

Those bouncing, up and down drafts—Well I'll tell you how it feels.
It's something like you're riding in a box-car, with square wheels.
Sometimes I'd lay down on the floor, and try to get some sleep,
But when the plane would pitch and roll, I'd end up in a heap.

The way those boys could navigate, was hard to understand.
Above the clouds for hours on end, without a glimpse of land—
Then you would hear the pilot say, 'OK, let's take her down,
And sure enough, just right below, our target would be found.

This time our load was gasoline, in tightly lashed-down drums.
Some 'Slopy' soldiers welcomed us, and grinned and waved their thumbs.
'Ding Hao,' they shouted. 'Very good.' (The common greeting then.)
And soon we were unloaded, so we started home again.

Our wheels had barely folded up—'twas then disaster hit,
Without one sign of warning, our right 'Eighteen-Thirty' quit.
I think we slid for half a mile; chewed up a whole rice paddy,
And for about five minutes, boy, you had a scared old daddy."

A woman's voice broke in just then, and China faded slowly.
"The boy's asleep dear, let him rest," she smiled, and whispered lowly.
Old "dad" grinned up and kissed his wife, he knew she understood,
Old "China Hands" just **won't** forget—not even if they could.

—Ernest Smith Jr., Feb. 1961.



INDIAN children in "GI" uniforms put on a jitterbugging exhibition at New Year's party in the "Swelter Shelter" at Hastings Air Base, near Calcutta. Photo by Julius Greenberg.

Dillon in Difficulty

● Readers of Roundup might be interested in what has happened to Dillon (Dec. 1961 issue). Like so many people in this country, he believed that Socialism meant that he could sit on his duffer and somebody else would make his living for him. So . . . when he ran out of money (I had to give him \$100.00 so they would let him off of the plane) he tried for a job. He found out that in Socialist countries you apply to the Government for a work permit. You do the job that is assigned. He informed the Danish Government that he was a writer. Sorry, they said, we don't need any writers. Your work permit will be for field work . . . you will help harvest onions. Mr. Dillon refused the work permit and was promptly placed in a car with two policemen and deposited across the border into Holland. He couldn't make it in Holland and is now in Germany where efforts are being made to get him into East Germany. Should Mr. Dillon be suc-

cessful in this, we probably will never hear anymore from him. His episode is proving my point—"there are no free lunches." Socialism is tyranny and only fools advocate it. Whether he goes to Heaven or Hell he will have to pay his way if he wants to stay.

ROBERT E. NESMITH,
Houston, Texas

Santa Rosa Passenger

● Especially enjoyed the December issue which had a picture of the Santa Rosa, as I was a passenger on the ship when the picture was taken. Went over with the Third Air Transport Squadron and spent most of my time at Misamari. Would like to hear from anyone who was with the squadron or stationed at Misamari.

ERNEST LOEB,
225 N. Johnson,
Pierre, S. D.

Dr. Ben Cozart

● The latter part of November, we in this area were saddened by the death of Dr. Ben Cozart of Reidsville, N. C., who suffered a very bad heart attack a few days before passing away. Dr. Cozart was in India and Burma for two years during World War II. Some Roundup readers will no doubt remember him, and remember a very fine, quiet man, who was kind and sympathetic to all of his patients. Dr. Cozart was chief medical officer for the American Tobacco Co. in this area, and had been in that position since his discharge from the Army.

HAZEL DEAN,
Greensboro, N. C.



ANYONE who was ever stationed at Kunming, China, will remember this road leading to the airfield. Pony carts like the one in right foreground were extensively used in the area. Photo by Eugene L. Parker.



GHOOM MONASTERY on the railway to Darjeeling. Often called "Gloom" because of the fog and clouds. Photo by Wm. S. Johnson.

Seattle World's Fair

● An oriental flavor will enhance the transportation facilities of the Seattle World's Fair April 21 through Oct. 21, 1962. From Hong Kong will come authentic pedicabs—sort of bicycle rickshaws—to carry people around the grounds. The Fair itself will be reasonable priced, with a majority of admissions free. All CBers who happen to be out this way or who wish to make a special trip are invited. The Dhobi Wallah Basha, Inc., meets the fourth Saturday of each month, and those who are here at that time are invited to the meeting. Contact me then for the time and place.

LEE BAKKER,
Seattle, Wash.

General Butner

● The picture of the General Butner in May 1961 issue brought back "fond" recollections. I was on that trip in May 1944. Our company, the 129th Chemical Processing—142 strong—went over in the fourth hold, just above the engines. I personally advanced considerably by making my return trip in the third hold on the General Hase from Calcutta to New York in October 1945. Recall most pleasantly fresh fruit,

papayas, for breakfast in Cape Town in that May 1944 trip over. Being a Miamian I thoroughly enjoyed that delight. Had my fill of papaya many times over at that meal because practically all of the 129th personnel were from New England—none of whom had ever eaten the fruit before and obviously did not care for it. Still continuing to enjoy Roundup . . . may you find it profitable to continue the publication for many years to come.

RALEIGH E. VanBRUNT,
Coral Gables, Fla.

Cover Picture

● Referring to the cover picture of the January 1962 issue, the men in the photo are from the outfit I was with—the 25th Field Hospital. Sorry, though, I can only name two. The second from the left is Harry Kalifian, second from the right is Bucky Fortuna. Other readers may know the other names. Bill Martienssen of Detroit, Mich., is an active CBler and may remember the names. I am one of many who do appreciate reading each and every issue of our magazine as it's printed. May it continue for many years to come.

WALTER WYLD,
North Bergen, N. J.

Seems Like Yesterday

● Enjoy reading the magazine so much that I can hardly wait until the next issue arrives. It's been 16½ years since I left India and it seems like only yesterday. I would sure like to go back to the wilds of Assam although I hated it during the war. I would like to hear from some of the fellows I served with.

JERRY LAROTONDA,
8 Willow St.,
Beacon, N. Y.



CONVOY approaching the suspension bridge over the Salween River. U. S. Army photo from Charles Cunningham.

Commander's Message

by

George Marquardt

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.



Sahibs and Memsahibs:

The year of 1962 is now well on its way amid snow, ice, zero temperatures, etc. You name it, we've had it! The holidays were hectic, as usual, but brightened by the many warm wishes from our CBI friends all over the country. It's such a good feeling to be remembered by so many, and you can be sure that Christmas 1961 will be recalled for years as one of the best yet.

With the lull after the holidays, many of the Bashas are starting the New Year with the installation of their new officers. On January 13th I journeyed to Buffalo and was privileged to install the new officers of both the Buffalo and Rochester Bashas. On January 20th, weather permitting, I plan to attend the meeting of the Mahoning Valley Basha at Youngstown, Ohio, and incidentally, install the first lady to ever be elected to the office of Commander. If "Old Man Weather" continues to smile, I also hope to be in attendance in St. Louis for their big night on January 27th. On February 24th, Ohio will hold their State Meeting at Toledo. At this meeting they will have the dedication of the new Ohio Banner by Past State Commander Howard Clager.

I am sorry that it wasn't possible for me to attend the 10th Anniversary Party of the San Francisco Basha on January 13th, but knowing them, I'm sure they "did it up brown."

I see by the G.I. General Reporter that the Dhobi Wallah Basha of Seattle has been incorporated. This will enable them to become a State department eventually, sponsor other bashas throughout the

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup and vice versa.
—Eds.

State, and be recognized as an official veterans group. This is quite an active group and if any of you CBIAers are planning to attend the 1962 World's Fair in Seattle, be sure and contact Commander Clyde Cowan or Adjutant Orville Hegseth while you are there.

The response to the Youth Group hasn't been as good as I had hoped for. I think this group could be a very important addition to the CBIVA by making the youngsters feel that they really are a part of the National Reunions we all enjoy so much. There has been no age limit decided upon for the group since this will depend largely on the ages of those who plan to attend the National Reunion. However, it would be helpful if we had a complete list of all eligible members, name, age and birth date, for reference for future reunions. I hope that all of you who have children, whether you plan to attend the reunion in Buffalo or not, will discuss this group with them, get their ideas about it and forward the above information and any suggestions as to a name for the group or what activities they might be interested in, to Diane Doucette, 6232 Washington Circle, Wauwatosa 13, Wisconsin.

While in Buffalo, I met with the Reunion Committee. Our National Chaplain, Father Glavin also attended this meeting and we attempted to answer some of their questions. One of the things they requested was a current list of Basha officers, so if the names and addresses of your new officers have not been sent to National Headquarters, please do so as soon as possible. All hospitality rooms will be on one floor this year, and will be furnished free of charge by the Hotel Lafayette. However, it is necessary for them to know just how many rooms will be needed, so get your requests in to Reunion Chairman, Al Taylor, 368 Cumberland Avenue, Buffalo 20, New York. The program they are planning sounds very interesting and includes, besides the usual Memorial Services and Puja Parade and Ball, a trip to Niagara Falls, a visit to the famous Wax Museum of Horrors, a possible live TV show for the ladies, proposed visits to Art Gallery, Museum of Natural Science, and the Zoological Gardens. There are two local costume houses where outfits for Puja Night will be available for rent or for sale. Don't forget the dates, August 8-11, and start making your plans now to attend.

The date for the Spring National Board Meeting has been set for May 5th, 1962, at Hotel Lafayette in Buffalo. Further information about this meeting will be sent to the Board members within the next month or so.

Salaams,
GEORGE L. MARQUARDT



WET WORK for a farmer, plowing a rice paddy near Tinsukia, India. Photo by Raymond J. O'Brien.

Stilwell's Son

● A picture published recently in the Peoria Journal-Star showed Brig. Gen. Joseph Stilwell Jr., nicknamed "Cider Joe," watching ski troops of his 2nd Infantry Brigade training at Fort Devens, Mass. It said "Cider Joe" is the son of the late General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell. I didn't know General Stilwell had a son.

CARLETON J. JACOBSON,
Peoria, Ill.

Where Are They?

● Returned to the States from Jorhat, Assam Upper, India, in March 1945. I was medically discharged at Fort Dix, N. J., in April 1945. I have travelled these States over in the last 15 years . . . am a member of the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Disabled American Veterans and the China-Burma-India Veterans Association. I have yet to contact or meet an ex-GI from this theater of operations. I knew that we were spread very thin but didn't realize how thin. There were not many of us, were there?

FRANK W. HAY,
Glendale, Ariz.

Our mailing list indicates there are quite a few of us . . . but there are still thousands we haven't contacted!
—Ed.

Wiser to Simpson

● Waller B. Wiser of Boston, Mass., has been appointed the new dean of the chapel at Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa, effective next September. He will receive his doctorate in pastoral psychology from Boston University in June. Wiser was an Air Force combat pilot in China during World War II and has served as associate pastor of a Methodist Church in Baltimore. At Simpson he will have responsibility for leadership in student religious activities.

HERBERT CORVELLE,
Boston, Mass.

Chinese New Year's

● February 1962 will be the Chinese Lunar Year 4460. It will be the "Year of the Tiger," and should have a lot of CBI angles to it. Our basha is planning on placing a unit in the Chinese New Year's parade, whose Chinatown chairman is John Young, an old CBIVA member and Roundup subscriber. Last year police estimated 300,000 people tried to get into Chinatown to see it. Date of this year's parade is February 24. We are planning on using the "Flying Tiger" theme for our unit. Would appreciate it if any of the original American Volunteer Group living in this area would contact me regarding this event. My phone is JU 4-4347.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.

492nd Bomb Squadron

● Was in the 492nd Heavy Bomb Squadron of the 7th Bomb Group during 1943-44 and would like to hear from some of my old buddies. I have quite a few 35 mm. color slides taken around India and China—would like to trade with anyone who may have some of our bomb group and its activities.

MELVIN RAPPORT,
5306 Pocusset St.,
Pittsburgh 17, Pa.



PARADE in Karachi, with band, camels and various units taking part. Photo by Louis W. Gwin.

SALE CONTINUED!

BUY NOW AT THESE CRAZY PRICES!

YOUR RESPONSE to the Clearance Sale we held during November has prompted us to give more Roundup readers an opportunity to buy imports from India at rock-bottom prices. Many of these are **BELOW WHOLESALE!** Our usual money-back guarantee applies to all merchandise . . . these prices good only until March 31, 1962.

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116	10" Fruit Compote	12.50	6.50
117	10" Aftaba	7.00	3.75
117	9" Aftaba	6.00	3.50
117	5" Aftaba	3.00	1.60
120	Bottleopener w/Bell	1.50	.75
121	3 1/4" Powder or Mint Box	3.50	1.85
121	2 1/2" Powder Box	2.00	1.20
122	6" Pointed Shoe Ash Tray	2.50	1.35
122	5" Pointed Shoe Ash Tray	2.00	1.15
122	3" Shoe Ash Tray	.70	.40
124	Cigarette Urn w/Ash Tray	3.00	1.75
126	6" Flower Bowl w/Net	4.25	2.50
126	5" Flower Bowl w/Net	3.25	1.80
126	3" Flower Bowl w/Net	2.00	1.25
127	6" Door Knocker w/Bell	3.00	1.80
127	5" Door Knocker w/Bell	2.00	1.25
127	3" Door Knocker	1.00	.65
130	3" Coaster	.50	.30
132	6" Dinner Gong w/Mallet	2.50	1.35
134	16" Round Tray	13.00	7.25
136	8" Cobra Candlestick Pr.	12.00	6.00
137	Candlesnuffer	1.00	.65
166	6" School Bell	2.00	1.25
167	3" Elephant Bell	2.00	1.25
167	5" Elephant Bell	6.00	3.75
169	5" Scalloped Candy Dish	3.00	1.75
173	Bell Incense Burner	1.50	.90
174	Spiral Patio Bell	2.50	1.35
175	10" Decanter-Vase	7.00	4.00
176	6 1/4" Sunburst Ash Tray	3.00	1.75
177	Sextagonal Ash Tray	1.00	.60
178	5" Round Ash Tray	2.00	1.20
180	3 1/4" Oval Ash Tray	1.25	.50
181	3 1/2" Wine Cup	1.70	.90
183	Ice Hammer-Bottleopener	2.00	1.25
187	3" Candlestick w/Handle Pr.	4.00	2.00
195	String of 6 Different Bells	4.00	2.25
196	Leaf-Shape Ash Tray	2.00	1.00
198	Sabre Letteropener	1.00	.65
199	Large Taj Mahal Trivet	3.50	2.00
201	Bell Letteropener	2.00	1.15
202	6" Umbrella Dish	6.00	3.00
203	4" Foot Ash Tray	2.00	1.00
205	10" Eagle Dinner Gong	7.00	3.50
207	Elephant Wall Hook Pr.	2.00	1.25
208	12" Decanter-Pitcher-Vase	8.00	4.00
214	12" Oval Fruit Bowl w/Legs	7.00	3.75
217	5" Bowl Ash Tray	2.00	1.00
218	5 1/4" Heavy Oval Ash Tray	3.00	1.50
222	8" Heavy Double Dish	5.00	2.50
223	Nut Cracker	2.00	1.15
233	6" Hindu Vase Pr.	10.00	4.50
241	6" Wood-Lined Cig. Box	10.00	5.00

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